

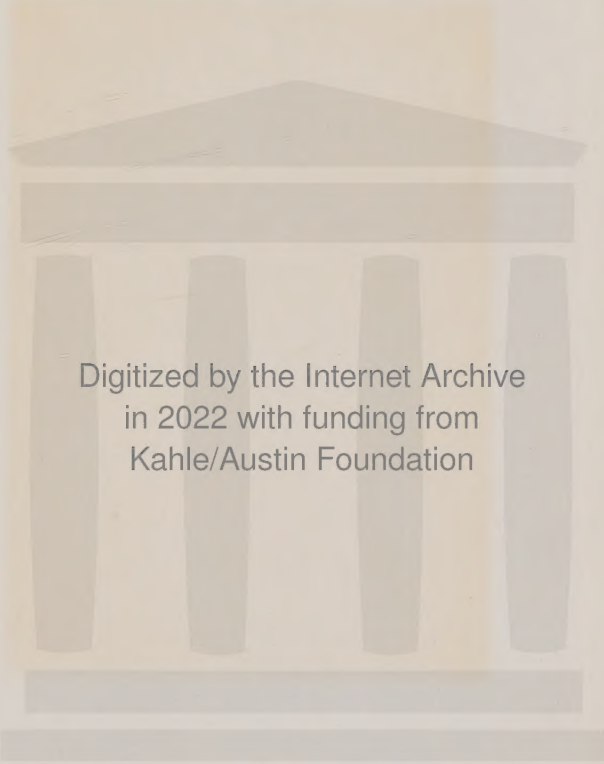


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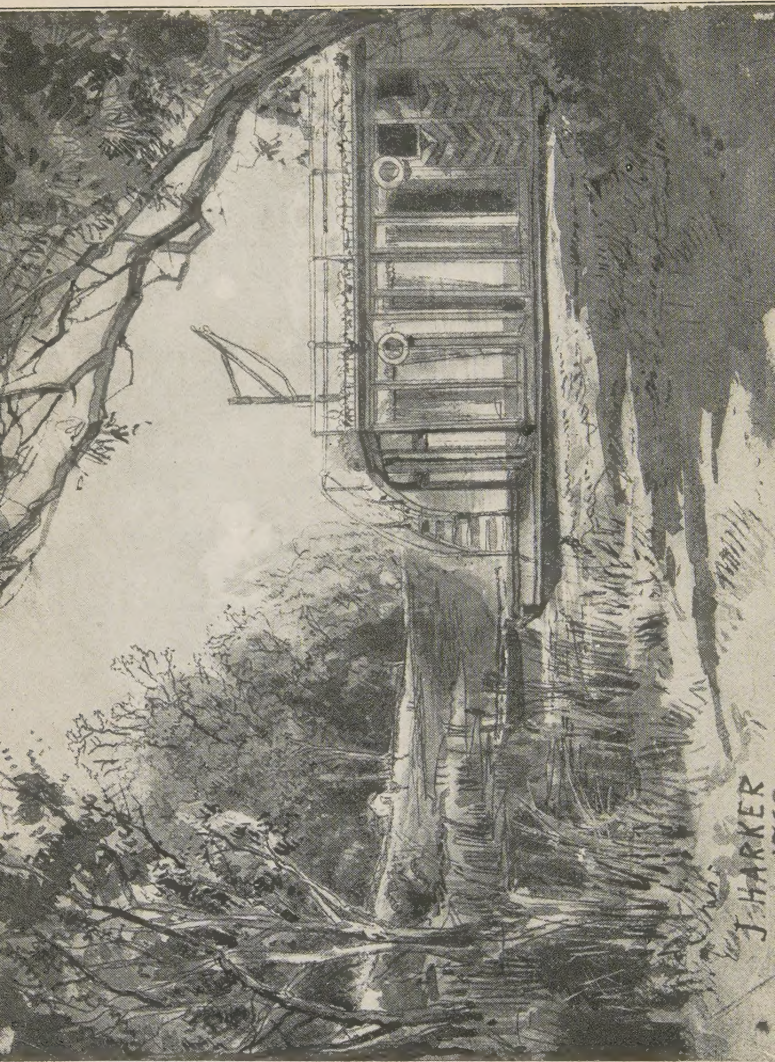






WALKER, LONDON.







# WALKER LONDON

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

*James M. Barrie*  
BY  
J. M. BARRIE

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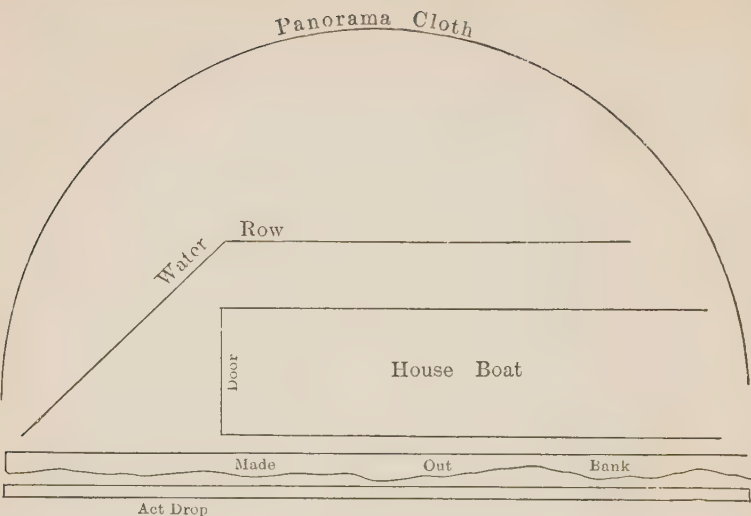


## WALKER, LONDON.

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*Produced at Toole's Theatre, London, on February the 25th,  
1892, with the following cast :—*

JASPER PHIPPS.....	Mr. J. L. Toole.
KIT UPJOHN.....	Mr. C. M. Lowne.
ANDREW MCPHAIL.....	Mr. Seymour Hicks.
W. G.....	Mr. Cecil Ramsey.
BEN .....	Mr. George Shelton.
MRS. GOLIGHTLY.....	Miss Effie Listen.
BELL GOLIGHTLY, B. A..	Miss Irene Vanbrugh.
NANNY O'BRIEN.....	Miss Mary Ansell.
SARAH RIGG. ....	Miss Eliza Johnstone.
PENNY.....	Miss Mary Brough.



*The house-boat scene in this play, including the punt and crane, may be hired on the following terms from*

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*These terms include cartage and fitting in London only (within seven miles of Charing Cross). Special arrangements for the country.*

*All the costumes, wigs, and properties used in the play may also be hired reasonably from the same firm.*



## Property Plot.

### ACT I.

#### STAGE :

Reeds, Bulrushes, Plants, etc., for banks.

ON DECK—Light Table laid for Breakfast, Basket Chair, 4 Camp Stools, Books, Bell and Loaf of Bread, Fishing Rod, Line and Float, Flowers all round the sides, Lifebuoys.

IN SALOON—Five High Stools, Small Round Table, Books, Nanny's Hat and Basket, and Lantern.

IN CABIN—Looking-Glass (hinged to Window), Comb and Brush, Can and Umbrella.

IN PUNT—Punting Pole.

IN BOW—Cushion, Bell's Hat and Piece of Grass, Pot of Flowers under Ladder, Lantern.

IN WATER, L. C.—Can and Water.

OFF L.—Crockery Crash.

HAND—Newspapers, Letter, Knitting and Needles, Broken Plates, Milk Can, Coins, Breakfast things (Coffee and Toast in Rack on Salver.)

Dressing Place L., for quick change. Table, Looking-Glass, Chair and Lights.

### ACT II.

#### STAGE :

ON DECK—Crane Rope and Ball, Books, Field-Glasses, Cricket Bat.

IN BOW—Graphics, Album of Views, Photographs in Album, Fishing Rod, Large Umbrella, Small Umbrella (Japanese), Hood on Punt.

IN CABIN—Suit of Clothes.

HAND—Japanese Fan, Duster, Cigarettes in Case, Pipe, Coins, Matches, Newspapers, Telegram, Rose, Knife and stick, Basket, Banjo, Stethoscope.

## ACT III.

IN CABIN—Candle and Candlestick.

IN PROMPT—Gong Bell.

HAND—Four Cigars in Case, Matches, 2 Cigars in Case,  
Matches, Horn, Lantern, Portmanteau.

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## Gas and Lime Plot.

## ACTS I AND II.

Gas full up.

Three open limes.

One right, one left, one left centre.

## ACT III.

Green mediums to floats.

Green Length behind water rows.

Lime on behind moon, C.

Lime ready to light at cue (when Mr. Toole goes on Deck) for shadow dance in saloon.

At opening of act gas right down. Slightly up at Ben's entrance with lantern. Slightly up at lighting of lamps. Slightly up at Punt's entrance (if necessary check for dance). Then after up as before.

# WALKER, LONDON.

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## ACT I.

SCENE:—*A houseboat on the Thames. Curtain rises on houseboat, blinds down. Time: morning. A canoe and punt on bank at bow, tied to houseboat. Someone in distance is playing a penny whistle. W. G. is lying on plank, lazily writing a letter. Presently he sleeps. NANNY on deck L. fishing. MRS. GOLIGHTLY pulls up blind 1, and saloon R. C. is seen, table set for breakfast on deck. The opposite blind is also up, giving view of river and towpath. MRS. GOLIGHTLY sits down at window and knits. ANDREW in saloon L. with no coat, waistcoat or collar. BELL in cabin. NANNY raises line. She has her hair only partially done.*

VOICE. (off L.) Houseboat ahoy! Milk!

(MRS. GOLIGHTLY draws curtains of saloon No. 1 and 2. BELL draws blinds of cabin and dips jug out for water. ANDREW draws curtains No. 3. BELL drops jug into river and fishes for it with umbrella.)

W. G. Breakfast ready, Mater?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. No, what are you doing, W. G.?

W. G. Writing a letter to Daly Major.

VOICE. Hi! Milk!

ANDREW. W. G., why don't you go across for the milk?

*(Noise of breaking dishes off L.)*

NANNY *(to herself)* Penny breaking dishes again.

*(PENNY enters through saloon, throws broken dishes into river off R., the splash brings NANNY to R. of deck, where she continues fishing. W. G. takes piece of crockery and throws it down in front of MRS. GOLIGHTLY, she starts.)*

*(Pause.)*

VOICE. Milk! Milk!

NANNY. W. G., do go across for the milk. I do believe he is asleep!

*(Descends ladder and bends over him.)*

I wonder if I could win a pair of gloves from W. G.

*(Kisses him. He jumps up and pulls his hand indignantly across his mouth.)*

W. G. Stop that! Just think if anybody had seen you.

NANNY. Pooh! the time will come when you will be willing to give anything for a kiss.

W. G. Rot! You have no right to bring such charges against a fellow.

NANNY. A fellow! You horrid little boy!

W. G. Little boy! I'm as tall as you!

*(Turns and measures back to back; he looks to see if she's tip-toeing, and pushes her down.)*

NANNY. You call yourself W. G. because you think you are a great cricketer and I can bowl you myself.

W. G. You bowl me! Oh, that time—because my foot slipped. *(goes L.)*

VOICE. Milk! Ahoy!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*speaking out at window*)  
W. G. (*counts stitches*) 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, W. G.  
do pull across for the milk!

W. G. I'll go, but it's an awful swot! (*gets into punt*)

NANNY. And W. G., you needn't expect me to play in the cricket match on Saturday if you say I bowled you unfairly.

W. G. (*alarmed*) Don't say you won't play, Cousin Nanny. I say, I'm not angry with you for kissing me, I know girls can't help it. And look here, read that letter I've been writing to Daly Major, and you'll see how I crack up your leg hits.

(*Exit W. G. in punt. He is heard whistling after out of sight, until NANNY is on deck. NANNY looks at letter, laughs and runs on deck.*)

NANNY. (*leaning over railing*) Listen you people!

(*BELL puts her head out at 2, ANDREW at 3, and MRS. GOLIGHTLY at 1.*)

Do you want to hear W. G's candid opinion of you? It is in a letter to a school friend.

BELL. And very ungrammatical, I fear.

ANDREW. Yes, I don't think you will have two B. A.'s in your family, Mrs. Golightly.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. One is enough. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. (*goes on knitting while BELL puts finishing touches to her hair*)

NANNY. (*reading*) "Dear old boy, I take up the pen to tell you we are in a houseboat this month, and it is the mater's houseboat, and she knits all day, like she does everywhere.

BELL. (*scornfully*) Like she does!

NANNY. "My sister Bell is also here and you will regret to hear she has had the cheek to take a B. A. of London, and I am ashamed of her knowing all about the Differential Calculus and Greek

verbs, it not being womanly; but you were wrong in thinking she would wear blue spectacles."

ANDREW. That's one for you, Miss Golightly.

NANNY. "There is another girl on board, my cousin Nanny, and we are to have a cricket match next Saturday in the village, men versus women. Nanny is good at high leg ones but I can always bowl her with a daisy cutter." He can't!

ANDREW. One for you, Miss O'Brien.

NANNY. Yes, and here is one for you. "There is a Scotch chap staying with us, called Andrew McPhail, and I'm rather glad he is here—I'm rather glad he is here, because he's as bad a scholar as myself. He is an Edinburgh medical student, and is waiting to hear whether he passed his exam. to be a doctor, and he will hear by telegram on Saturday, but I don't expect he'll pass; and neither does Bell. She says he—"

BELL. Nanny!

NANNY. I'll miss that. Hum—um—um! "McPhail is rather soft on my cous—" —hum! (*with emphasis*) "McPhail is rather soft!" Ah, Bell! (*cross L.*) Here is something about Mr. Upjohn. "Who do you think is staying at the inn? One of the greatest men of the day, namely Kit Upjohn, who made 121 for Middlesex against Notts, and even then was only bowled off his pads."

BELL. A poor kind of greatness!

NANNY. "But though Upjohn is such a swell, he isn't stuck up, and he treats Bell just like as if she was his equal. He comes to the houseboat every day, and lets her jaw away to him about choosing a profession, and sometimes the three of us go for a walk, and then he offers me a cane-handled bat if I can run the mile in six minutes." Oh, Bell!

BELL. (*indignantly*) It isn't true!

NANNY. What isn't?

BELL. What you imply!

NANNY. What did I imply?



BELL. That I—that Mr. Upjohn—that we—oh!  
*(retires from window, NANNY beckons to ANDREW who saunters into saloon up ladder to deck)* They all seem to think I'm in love with Mr. Upjohn, a man who laughs every time I speak of woman's true position to him. I can't love him. I won't. *(pulls down blind)*

*(Crash off L. MRS. GOLIGHTLY raises hands in horror. Exits L.)*

NANNY. *(to ANDREW on deck, sitting L. c.)* And how have you slept sir?

ANDREW. Badly. I dreamt I had been plucked in the exam.

NANNY. You have not got used to that dream yet?

*(Instead of answering ANDREW becomes rigid, there is a horrified look in his face, he draws diagram in the air with his fingers and mutters.)*

Whatever is the matter?

ANDREW. I have just remembered—I believe—Oh, Miss O'Brien, I think I gave the wrong answer to question five. *(continues to glare and mutter)*

NANNY. What was it?

ANDREW. "Take a stomach; remove the—"

NANNY. *(putting fingers to her ears)* Disgusting!

ANDREW. *(coming to)* We all have them, Miss O'Brien.

NANNY. I suppose we have, but, sure, we needn't let on! That's the worst of being a doctor.

ANDREW. I'm not a Doctor yet. Oh, to be one, to prescribe, to operate. *(cross R.)* To cut off legs! *(sits R. c.)*

NANNY. *(after looking over at BELL'S window)* Mr. McPhail, did you ever propose to a lady?

ANDREW. No, but I want to—Nanny—

NANNY. Hush! If you were a lady and knew

that a man was about to propose to you, and you meant to accept him, how should you—dress?

ANDREW. Dress?

NANNY. Or suppose you meant to refuse him, then how should you dress?

ANDREW. Really?

NANNY. Stupid! (*sits*) I am quite certain from Mr. Upjohn's manner yesterday that he will propose to Bell to-day. Now if I know it, you may be sure she knows it, and even you must see that she is taking twice as long to dress this morning as usual. Does that mean that she is to accept or refuse him?

ANDREW. Accept obviously, because if she meant the other thing, she would not care how she looked.

NANNY. I think the reverse, if she was to say yes, it would not much matter how she looked, because he would be seeing her so often afterwards. But if it is to be no, she would naturally dress carefully.

ANDREW. Why?

NANNY. So that he should have her at her prettiest to remember her by after he goes to Manitoba!

ANDREW. But Miss Golightly despises dress, she told me so herself.

NANNY. Pooh! I should like to see her wear a last year's frock. (*rises*)

ANDREW. (*rises*) Miss O'Brien, did you dress carefully to-day?

NANNY. Awfully carefully! (*pause and bus.*)

ANDREW. You're a bonny wee lassie!

NANNY. No compliments, but I see you are a Scotchman now, and I used to doubt it.

ANDREW. Why?

NANNY. Because you never say "Bang went saxe-pence whatever," and then you don't wear the National Costume.

ANDREW. What National Costume? (NANNY points to her skirts and to his legs) Oh, it's only

the English tourists that wear that, besides you're not national either, for though you're an Irish girl, you don't flirt!

NANNY. No, never. Oh! there's a fly in my eye!

ANDREW. Fly in your eye! Oh, I must operate at once.

(*Cross R. They sit up back. He tries to get fly out of her eye. BELL pulls up blind and MRS. GOLIGHTLY speaks to her through saloon window.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Bell, the milk will be turned before W. G. comes across with it. He is so slow.

BELL. As we used to say at Girton, *tardus in rebus gerendis*.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Very likely, but that does not explain why the milk will not keep in this weather.

BELL. The reason is obvious—as the temperature rises, the bacillus lacticus—

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. You will give me a headache, Bell.

(*W. G. heard whistling off L. BELL withdraws her head.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Ah, I hear W. G. (*goes to stern, NANNY and ANDREW are waving to someone*)

KIT. (*not yet visible*) Good morning, Mrs. Golightly.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Good morning, Mr. Upjohn.  
(*Punt draws up with UPJOHN and W. G. in it.*)

KIT. I happened to be on the towpath, so—

W. G. So I asked him to breakfast. Is it ready? We can't keep Upjohn waiting.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. In twenty minutes.

(*ANDREW and NANNY go L.*)

W. G. Then we can go for a spin first.

KIT. No, I—I—

W. G. Oh, you don't need to do the polite.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. But perhaps—

KIT. I would indeed.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Take me instead, W. G. (*she steps into punt, and KIT on to ledge of saloon door with milk can in his hand. Punt goes off*)

(*Enter BELL into saloon from L.*)

KIT. Miss Golightly!

BELL. (*starting and putting her hand to her heart*) You startled me!

KIT. (*entering by door*) I am so sorry. This is—the milk.

BELL. Thank you. (*puts it on table*)

KIT. When you saw me just now, you—you put your hand to your heart.

BELL. (*sits c.*) I was taken aback. Pertorrta would you say, or simply trepida?

KIT. I did not come here to talk Latin Grammar, Miss Golightly, you were fourth wrangler and I am only a plain man, (*a pause*) a plain man I said.

BELL. I did not contradict you.

KIT. But last night I asked you a question and you promised to give me your answer to-day. Is it yes or no? (*she turns away agitatedly*) Do you care for me at all, Miss Golightly?

BELL. How can I, when we are on opposite sides on every question?

KIT. Do you? It is not a matter of logic.

BELL. It is—it ought to be. I don't see how I can love you. I have reduced love to sylogistic form—

KIT. Oh!

BELL. On an old examination paper.

KIT. And what was the conclusion?

BELL. That it is absurd to think I love you.

KIT. What of that, if you do think it! where is that paper? (*rises. He comes near to her*)

BELL. I—I tore it up, Kit! (*rise—they embrace*)  
Don't!

KIT. Why not?

BELL. It is so—unintellectual.

KIT. But if we like it?

BELL. How can we? There is nothing in it.

KIT. You quaint darling!

BELL. (*stamping her foot*) No! Promise, Kit,  
that you will never again call me such names.

KIT. But—

BELL. They are degrading!

KIT. Nonsense, child!

BELL. Child! Do you not see that you are in-  
sulting me?

KIT. (*kissing her*) My beautiful!

BELL. You must never pay those infantile com-  
pliments to my personal appearance. If you love me,  
let it be for my mind alone, for all other love is  
founded on an entological misconception.

KIT. We can settle all these little matters when  
you are my wife, Bell.

BELL. No, let us understand each other now. I  
must be your helpmate in all things. Should I seem  
unreasonable you must never humour me. No laugh-  
ing me out of *my* arguments, nor kissing away *my*  
judgment. You will never yield to me for that most  
despicable of all reasons, because you think me  
pretty.

KIT. I will do my best to make you happy.

BELL. You will give up smoking?

KIT. (*after a pause—decidedly—cross L.*) No!

BELL. Not when I ask you? (*she follows and  
embraces him*)

KIT. I have just promised when I think you in  
the wrong to say so.

BELL. H'm! You know how ambitious I am.  
You will stand for Parliament?

KIT. I mean to.

BELL. But we are on different sides!

KIT. Pooh! Your politics only amuse me, dear.

BELL. Amuse you, Mr. Upjohn?

KIT. Forgive me. I suppose it would be better if we were of the same colour.

BELL. Fortunately that can easily be remedied.

KIT. You will join us, Bell?

BELL. Never! But you can join us.

KIT. Bell, how dare you ask me to—

BELL. How dare you ask me?

KIT. Pshaw! A woman's politics! (*cross R.*)

BELL. Oh, very well!

KIT. You are unreasonable!

BELL. I!

KIT. (*coming back to her*) Be serious, Bell.

BELL. You won't let me. It is the last thing such men as you want of a woman. Your heart's desire is a baby wife, to be fed on chocolates and has she been a good little girl to-day, and would she like another pretty bonnet to play with? Oh!

KIT. You are provoking!

BELL. You are masterful—and a bully!

KIT. —I will be master in my own house—

BELL. But not of me.

KIT. —You realise what you are saying, Bell? It is my dismissal.

BELL. If you will not listen to reason.

KIT. You bid me go?

BELL. (*after pause*) Yes.

KIT. (*after looking at her*) Very well. Good-bye. (*he goes to bank*) Please tell Mrs. Golightly that—that I have suddenly been recalled to London. (*she bows*) I hope you will get a better fellow than I. (*she turns away her head*) Good-bye, I suppose it is better as it is. You and I could never—Bell, let us marry and risk it! (*she seems about to assent. Rushes into KIT's arms*) They say a woman's No often means Yes.

BELL. (*freezingly*) It is a libel! (*goes up back*)



(*He looks at her, raises his cap, exits L. along bank.*)

(*On bank L.*) Oh! he cannot love me or he would never have gone away like that. I did not tell him to go!

(*W. G. is heard shouting "ship ahoy"—the punt draws up.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Be cautious, W. G. (*boards*) Bell, W. G. declares he saw Mr. Upjohn walking along the bank.

BELL. He has been recalled to London.

W. G. By telegram?

BELL. Yes.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. What a pity. We shall all miss him! (*sounds of breakage*) Oh, listen to Penny smashing crockery for breakfast!

(*Exit L. through saloon.*)

W. G. (*in the punt*) Bell, I believe that telegram was just an excuse to let Upjohn get away. Have you been boring him again?

BELL. I—I hate him!

(*W. G. comes on bank. Bus: hands.*)

W. G. Hallo! You are crying!

BELL. I'm not! (*sobs*)

W. G. (*after whistling*) Bell, I believe you've gone and got too fond of him! Oh, Cicero, you couldn't expect Upjohn to fall in what-you-call-it with the like of you!

BELL. Don't talk nonsense, I have rejected him.

W. G. *You!*

BELL. Why shouldn't I?

W. G. Great Balbus, girl, why he made 121 against Notts. I say, I wonder what he saw in you? You are sure he wanted you? (*BELL slaps his face—jumping into punt*) Then I'll go after him!

BELL. No, I would rather die.

W. G. Than what?

BELL. Than seem to ask him back.

W. G. But you want him?

BELL. I don't!

W. G. All right. (*is about to tie up punt*)

BELL. (*stiffly*) You needn't tie up the punt, I am—going out in it. (W. G. *whistles*) Only to practise punting for a few minutes before breakfast.

W. G. You are going after him.

BELL. The idea! (*gets into punt*)

W. G. You are!

BELL. Nothing of the sort. If I chance to meet him and he—apologises—I—W. G., am I a girl who could run after any man? (*punts out of sight in direction taken by KIT*)

W. G. Balbus! I'm glad I'm a man. (*sits on plank*)

(*Enter MRS. GOLIGHTLY saloon from L. with flowers which she puts on table.*)

Bell has gone out in the punt, mater. How long till breakfast now?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. A quarter of an hour at least, Penny has capsized the kettle.

(*NANNY and ANDREW come into view on deck.*)

W. G. I'm famishing! (MRS. GOLIGHTLY *with knitting, follows him to stern*)

NANNY. (L.) Come and feed the swans, W. G. Such beauties!

W. G. Greedy beggars, they are always eating. (*goes on deck*)

NANNY. (*when MRS. GOLIGHTLY on plank*) Are you not coming, Aunty?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. No, dear, I have this to finish. (*she sits down on plank C. and knits*)

(W. G., NANNY, and ANDREW *are on deck flinging bread overboard.*)

NANNY. What long necks they have!

ANDREW. I should like to dissect them.

W. G. Chuck a crust at that brute. Oh! did you see me hit him in the eye? (*they continue to fling and occasionally ejaculate "Oh, ah, look," etc., on their knees, their backs to audience*)

(SARAH enters L. along bank, moving slowly and looking sharply into houseboat windows, she jumps to see who are on deck. MRS. GOLIGHTLY looks up and sees her.)

SARAH. Good morning, ma'am. (*starts*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*wondering*) Good morning, who are you?

SARAH. I'm from London.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Yes?

SARAH. And outspoken. You don't happen to have a villain on board?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Gracious, no!

SARAH. I've tracked him from London to this neighbourhood.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Who is he?

SARAH. Jasper Phipps by name, barber by trade, deceiver by nature.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. What has he done?

SARAH. Didn't turn up.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Where?

SARAH. At the Church door.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. You were to be married to him?

SARAH. I was, yesterday, and I waited an hour. Then this letter is handed to me. He is a scholar, is Jasper. (*hands MRS. GOLIGHTLY a letter*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. "My dearest Sarah. You will be surprised at my not turning up to marry you, and I feel I owe you an apology." (*looks up*) I should think he did! "First, my love, it is a startler to a man to wake up on his marriage morning and remember that in an hour he will be tied for life. Second, through shaving so many gents, I feel that I want to have a burst as one, myself. Sarah, it can

only be done with the honeymoon money. Third, my sweet, I know a swell I am like in appearance, and I am going to pass for him, but he is a bachelor so it wouldn't be proper to take you with me. Fourth, it would be more difficult for you than for me to look like a swell. Fifth, there is not enough money for two at any rate. Everything considered, dear Sarah, I have decided to have the honeymoon before the marriage, and to have it by myself. Then, my girl, when my week's leave is up, I will come back and marry you. Fear not; I am staunch, and don't follow me. Your affectionate Jasper. P. S. I love you! I love you! I love you!" (*hands letter back—sits*) The scoundrel!

SARAH. Nothing of the kind.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. You said he was a villain yourself!

SARAH. I won't let others miscall him.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. You are well rid of him.

SARAH. I ain't. I tell you I'll find him yet.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. And then what will you do?

SARAH. Be revenged! Marry him!

(*Exit along bank R.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Well, well, well!

(*NANNY comes to top of ladder.*)

NANNY. Bell, will you and Mr. Upjohn—why, Aunt, where are they? I thought I heard you talking to them.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. No. Mr. Upjohn has been recalled to London and W. G. says Bell is out in the punt.

NANNY. Recalled to London! (*turning to W. G., sits*) Do you know about this?

W. G. (*L., eating a crust*) Yes. Upjohn went away in a huff, and Bell went after him.

NANNY. After him?

W. G. You see he asked her to be his—

NANNY. (*stopping him*) Ahem! Mr. McPhail, please get me my straw hat from the saloon. (ANDREW *nods and goes down to saloon*) Now W. G. quick!

W. G. Upjohn asked her to be his thingummy—

NANNY. Yes?

W. G. And she wouldn't, so he went away and she went after him.

NANNY. Oh, you silly! What does it all mean?

ANDREW. (*coming on deck with a hat and basket rather like each other*) Miss O'Brien, I know one of these is your hat, and the other your basket, and I brought both, because I'm not sure which is which.

NANNY. (*taking hat*) Thanks. Take the basket back. W. G. I shall be miserable until I know what has happened, and Bell is so proud, she won't tell me a word.

ANDREW. (R., *looking off L.*) I see the punt.

NANNY. How many in it?

ANDREW. Two.

NANNY. Good! (*begins to descend ladder*)

W. G. No, three.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*laying down knitting*) Three? She went out alone.

ANDREW. Upjohn isn't one of them.

NANNY. Ben is punting.

W. G. But who is that chap sitting beside Bell?

NANNY. I never saw him before.

ANDREW. He is dripping wet!

W. G. So is Bell. There has been a spill!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. An accident! (*rises, goes into saloon*)

NANNY. (*running down ladder to her*) I am afraid so, but she is safe, dear Auntie.

W. G. (*hailing*) Hie, what's wrong?

BEN. (*invisible*) She fell into the river.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Bell!

(NANNY-supports her, punt drawn in, BEN is punting, JASPER and BELL both very wet, are sitting.)

BELL. (*boarding and kissing MRS. GOLIGHTLY*) No need for alarm, mother, I am drenched, that is all. (*in saloon*)

BEN. But it was a near shave. If it hadn't been for 'im! (*looking at JASPER who is modestly standing in bow, straw hat in hand*)

BELL. The punt shot away beneath me. Leaving me clinging to the pole. I remember no more from that moment until I opened my eyes and found myself safe on the bank. Mother, this gentleman has saved my life.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Oh, sir!

JASPER. Oh, it was nothing!

NANNY. (*aside*) How modest! I wonder if he is married! (*aloud*) Bell, your teeth are chattering. Come inside, and change your things.

BELL. (*to BEN*) Ben, do tell them what you saw him do. Mother, Ben saw everything that happened while I was senseless in the water!

JASPER. I only jumped in and pulled her out. That was all.

(NANNY and BELL retire into saloon.)

NANNY. (*in saloon*) Did you see Mr. Upjohn?

BELL. No, I shall never see him again.

(*Exeunt L.*)

BEN. It was this way, ma'am. The young lady, she falls into the water as she has told you. It was at a ticklish place just this side o' the weir, and before you could say Jack Robinson, I sees her being carried towards it. Ma'am my first thought was, she's as good as a corpse for I didn't think there was a man in England could ha' torn her out o' that rush of water. But there was—this gentleman—

JASPER. Pooh!

ALL. Well! Well!



(NANNY returns and listens.)

BEN. I just sees him flash by me and jump into the water. It's U. P. with both o' them I thinks, for by the time he gripped her she were just on the point of being shot over the weir.

W. G. Balbus!

BEN. I shut my eyes, and when I dared look again, he had one arm around her and with the other he was fightin' agin the current. Three times, Ma'am, it tore him back and I cries, "Your only chance is to let her go." He just shook his head and fought on and on, and inch by inch he brought her nearer the bank, till they both fell on it senseless.

ANDREW. Great Scott!

W. G. What a brick!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. How can I thank you, sir?

JASPER. Oh! It was nothing!

NANNY. Ask him to have something to drink, Auntie. (*at R. window*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. You will stay to breakfast, Mr.—eh—

JASPER. With pleasure. My name is Colonel Neil, at your service.

NANNY. *The* Colonel Neil? (*cross R.*) Africanus Neil!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Colonel Neil, the African explorer?

ANDREW. Whose name is in all the papers?

JASPER. The same, but I only did my duty in Africa!

(ANDREW exits L.)

W. G. Great Caius and Balbus! (NANNY goes on to ladder) Colonel Neil, will you let me feel your muscles? (*feels them and then runs into saloon, shouting*) Bell, he's Neil, Africanus Neil!

(Exit L.)

NANNY. Aunty, Bell wants you.

(*Exit MRS. GOLIGHTLY through saloon.*)

NANNY. Colonel Neil you are a hero and I could kiss you.

(*JASPER hastening to her.*)

If I were Bell! (*goes up ladder—to herself*) He is a bachelor—and yet I don't know— a married man might have wanted to do it too! (*sits on deck L.*)

JASPER. (*rubbing his hands gleefully*) Oh, this is better than the shop! (*is about to go on bank*)

BEN. (*still in punt*) A word with you, Colonel Neil.

JASPER. (*assuming high and mighty air*) Well?

BEN. What does this 'ere rum go mean?

JASPER. It's all right, Ben. Go away.

BEN. T'ain't all right, ain't I lied till my throat's dry?

JASPER. I paid you.

BEN. What for did you want to pretend as you saved the gal's life? You knows as well as I that she fell into two feet of water, and I pulled her out with a boat hook.

JASPER. Quite right.

BEN. But she was senseless with fright, and before she come to, you made up them whoppers about saving her life, and teachd me to say them; and now I've said them what for?

JASPER. Half a sov. Ben.

BEN. To make her think she had nearly been swept over the weir, you got me to carry her to the edge of it, what for?

JASPER. Five bob.

BEN. And then you got me to fling some mud and water at you, so as you should look like one as had been swimming in his clothes. (*Bus. of wringing out clothes*) Look here, Guv'nor, what for did you bring me into this? 'Ow couldn't yer tell your own lies?

JASPER. A gentleman doesn't brag about himself, Ben. And so I paid you to brag for me.

BEN. What are you going to do now?

JASPER. Enjoy myself.

BEN. Blest if I believe you're the Colonel chap you says you are.

JASPER. You can't prove I'm not, Ben.

BEN. Are you?

JASPER. I feel as if I was. (*sits*)

(*CUCKOO calls three times.*)

BEN. Do you hear that, I tell you what, I believe you're the cuckoo in the hen's nest and that's your mate a calling to you.

(*CUCKOO once.*)

There, it's indignant it is, you see if it don't come aboard and claim you yet!

NANNY. (*looking down*) You are not going away, Ben, I want you to tell us of Colonel Neil's bravery again and again.

JASPER. It was nothing. (*to BEN*) Crack me up!

BEN. Well, you see, Miss, she was drifting to the weir—

JASPER. Desist, Ben. (*to BEN*) Keep it up!

(*MRS. GOLIGHTLY enters on deck L.*)

BEN. When sudden like this brave gentleman—

PENNY. (*entering L.*) Tea or coffee, sir?

JASPER. Both! (*to BEN*) Cut!

BEN. I'll be saying 'morning', ma'am, if you can lend me the punt. Curious, ma'am, as some should be so wet when others is so dry!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*on deck*) Ah! (*gives him money*) You can drink the Colonel's health with that.

BEN. And the young lady's. The young lady's

health, Ma'am, coupled with the name of her preserver—her *preserver*!

(Exit BEN in punt L.)

JASPER. (*aside*) An impudent fellow!

(PENNY enters L. on deck with dishes. W. G. follows with tea and coffee. They place them on table, PENNY rings bell and exits L.)

W. G. Breakfast! Come on, everybody! (*takes seat at table*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Come, Colonel! (*takes head of table*)

(CUCKOO once.)

JASPER. (*stumbles at stern*) Confound the cuckoo!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. You are more exhausted than you said!

(Enter BELL L. with ANDREW.)

JASPER. It is only a dizziness I am subject to.

BELL. Lean on me—do. (*takes his arm. To ANDREW, who enters saloon*) How forgetful of us. You are wet!

JASPER. It is nothing.

ANDREW. Come to my bunk, and I'll give you some dry things, Colonel.

(Exit L.)

(BELL goes up ladder to deck.)

(JASPER stands at window with a grin on his face.)

NANNY. He is middleaged, but delightful!

BELL. Not handsome exactly, but how modest!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Perhaps a little wanting in polish—

NANNY. Because he is no mere Piccadilly lounge.

W. G. I bet he has shot lions!

BELL. He is a hero!

ALL. Yes, yes.

JASPER. Oh, this is better than the shop! If I don't spend all my honeymoon in this houseboat, my name isn't Jasper Phipps—I mean, Colonel Neil—

(*Music. SARAH comes along bank from R. to L. walking slowly, and in passing looks in at saloon window but none of them see her. JASPER sees her, gasps and ducks head. She goes off L. He looks after her in horror.*)

JASPER. Sarah! (*with trembling hand he pulls down blind*) (*bus.*) Oh, Jerusalem!

(*When SARAH off—*

QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

(*Curtain rises on houseboat at midday. Broiling sun. JASPER is lying in hammock telling African stories. BELL is holding up sunshade to protect him. NANNY is fanning him. MRS. GOLIGHTLY sits at C. window knitting. PENNY is listening at door. On deck ANDREW is gazing at towpath through a telescope and W. G. is practising cricket; the ball being suspended on a rope, hanging from a sort of crane. The punt is on and the blind in No. 3 is down.*)

NANNY. (*breathlessly*) And you killed him?

JASPER. Yes, it was my life or theirs. They leapt upon me, brandishing their spears, but I lifted the chief in my arms and flung him with such force against his two warriors that all three were hurled over the precipice.

PENNY. Oh my!

BELL. And then you ran away?

JASPER. (*calmly*) Ran! No! I walked away, turning round every now and again to shoot another through the heart.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. How brave!

JASPER. It was nothing.

PENNY. (*aside*) He is a Nero. Haitch He Har Ho Nero. (*exits L.*)

ANDREW. (*C. looking over*) Miss O'Brien, the telegram with the result of my exams. may come at any moment now. Do you think I have passed?

NANNY. Bother! Don't you see I am fanning the dear Colonel?

ANDREW. What do you think, Miss Golightly?

BELL. I am busy, Mr. McPhail.

ANDREW. What do you think, Mrs. Golightly?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. 31, 32, 33, 34, 35. Tell us about Lake Nyanza, Colonel.

ANDREW. (*to W. G.*) W. G., the women can do nothing but gape over Neil's adventures. He has been here nearly a week now, and what good has he done me, except that I have to sleep on a shakedown in the saloon, while he gets the best bedroom?

W. G. Isn't this a tip-top idea for practicing batting? (*hits*) I say, I saw the Colonel spooning Nanny last night!

ANDREW. No, no—it was your sister—I saw him too.

W. G. About eight o'clock?

ANDREW. It was nearer nine.

W. G. Eight.

ANDREW. Nine. I thought he had his arm round her.

W. G. He has to do that, he says, when one of his dizzy fits comes on.

ANDREW. Hum! (*continues to look through glass, and W. G. bats*)

NANNY. Of course you travelled with a caravan?

JASPER. A caravan? Not in *Africa*!

(PENNY *listens again.*)

BELL. But I thought all explorers did?

JASPER. They do—yes, in a sense.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. What is a caravan like, exactly?

JASPER. Hum—ah—well, a covered-in van you know, with brooms and baskets all over it and with two horses.

BELL. I thought it meant the porters.

JASPER. Yes, they march behind, except when they are in front, then of course they are not behind.

(W. G. *listens on deck.*)

NANNY. And is it true that the ladies dress—ah—lightly?

JASPER. Mostly in telegraph wires—

NANNY. What is the costume?

JASPER. Oh, it's nothing.

W. G. Fancy?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. No, you mustn't.

(W. G. *goes back and sits c.*)

BELL. After all, these people are human beings—very like ourselves.

NANNY. But, Bell, the women are sold to their husbands.

BELL. So are most of our women, and they make willing slaves.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. But the native husbands are such bullies.

BELL. So are all men naturally.

NANNY. Yes, what a pity that all nice men are so nasty.

BELL. Show me a man, be he African or English, and I will show you a born bully.

PENNY. (*aside*) She is a-hitting at Mr. Upjohn.

JASPER. It's just the same, all the world over, the men run after the women—and the women run after the men. Oh, yes they do, I've done it myself.

(*Exit PENNY L.*)

(*They expostulate.*)

W. G. I say, McPhail, wasn't it clever of me to rig this up myself? I can do a lot of things on it. It is a way of getting into the punt, too. Look here, you hold this end, and I'll show how it's done.

(ANDREW *rises, holds end and W. G. clings to ball.*)

Mater, hie—all of you look!



(*They turn round, look up. W. G. is lowered to punt.*  
MRS. GOLIGHTLY utters cries of fear, and coming  
out on plank.)

That's a handy way of getting into the punt, isn't it?  
(*boards and returns to deck.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. I forbid you to do that again,  
you rash boy. You might have fallen into the river.  
(*goes back*)

JASPER. It is nothing.

W. G. Come up and let them see you do it,  
Colonel.

JASPER. Not just now, W. G., too comfortable  
where I am.

W. G. Well, don't forget any of you that we  
start for the cricket match, men *v.* girls, in half an  
hour.

ANDREW. I won't leave the houseboat till my  
telegram arrives. (*sits R.*)

W. G. You must play. (*Crosses L.*)

ANDREW. Do you think I have passed, W. G.?

W. G. No. (ANDREW *looks through glass. W.*  
*G. tries to balance bat on his nose—sits L.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Who was the soldier that said  
the most dangerous thing he ever did was to cross  
Piccadilly Circus?

BELL. That was nothing to Colonel Neil swim-  
ming the Congo with his hands tied.

JASPER. Yes, I did swim the Congo with my  
hands tied. A trifle!

BELL. Nor to his shooting the gorilla.

JASPER. Pooh! When you meet a gorilla, what  
can you do? There's the gorilla, and there you are  
—and—and—and there it is.

NANNY. Nor to his march through the forest of  
the dwarfs.

JASPER. My duty. Oh, I shot an elephant once!  
Oh yes, I did! I met the elephant in a forest, and  
I had an air gun with me, and I shot it. You can't  
shoot without a gun in Africa. You would have

been surprised if you had seen the birds, the way they came down and pecked it. Hundreds of them!

BELL. What kind of birds?

JASPER. Oh, there were eagles and snipe—vultures, sparrows, canaries, turkeys and bull-rushes, the oof bird—they eat that elephant up and left nothing but the trunk.

NANNY. And what did you do with the trunk?

JASPER. Oh, I had it packed up. No, no, I had the trunk made into a portmanteau.

NANNY. Did you meet any lions.

JASPER. I wrestled with a lion and sent a graphic account to the papers.

BELL. And then you saved me!

JASPER. *That* was nothing.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Strange that your experiences of the dwarfs should be so like Mr. Stanley's.

BELL. And that you shot the gorilla just as De Rougemont did.

JASPER. Yes, you see—there is only one way of doing these things. But, Mrs. Golightly, it sounds like boasting to be always talking of myself. Where have you been?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*R. window*) Never further than the continent. I knitted half a muffler going up the Rigi—or was it in Notre Dame? Then I began a worsted waistcoat for W. G. in the Kremlin, added to it in Cologne Cathedral, the Colosseum, the Acropolis, and elsewhere, and finished it, I remember, in the Alhambra.

JASPER. The Alhambra?

BELL. Yes, I was with mother.

JASPER. You?

BELL. And I should like to live near it, so that I could go daily.

JASPER. What? (*rises*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. The Alhambra is in Spain, you know.

JASPER. Oh, I thought you meant—Oh!

(ANDREW comes down ladder into saloon.)

NANNY. No sign of Ben with the telegram, Mr. McPhail?

ANDREW. None.

(McPHAIL goes into saloon and reads book.)

(CUCKOO once.)

(JASPER goes on bank.)

BELL. (*following*) You are feeling dizzy again, Colonel?

JASPER. Just a little.

W. G. Come up, Bell, and see me swiping.

(CUCKOO three times.)

(JASPER goes on plank and then into saloon.)

NANNY. Listen to that cuckoo.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Yes, we never heard it till you came to us, Colonel, and now we hear it a dozen times a day.

(Exit JASPER, retires to bedroom 3.)

(BELL goes on deck. ANDREW is watching bank in punt. W. G. on deck. MRS. GOLIGHTLY and NANNY at stern.)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27. (*looks after JASPER—rises and on to bow*) How interesting a clever man is.

NANNY. Yes, and even if he isn't clever.

(MRS. GOLIGHTLY knits.)

(CUCKOO.)

JASPER. (*pulling up bedroom blind*) Damn that cuckoo—it makes me nervous, I'll get up early to-morrow and shoot it. (*he suspends little mirror at window and proceeds to brush his hair*)

W. G. Bell, I would rather take three wickets in an over than be Shakespeare and Homer and all

these swells put together. I say, what's the matter with you? You haven't sneered at me for nearly a week—not since Upjohn went away.

BELL. Mr. Upjohn! I told you, W. G., that I dislike the very mention of his name—he has not even written! I daresay he has forgotten me already.

W. G. I daresay!

BELL. W. G.

JASPER. (*leaning out*) If I'm not Colonel Neil, I'm the next thing to it, for I've shampooed him, and I'm very like him, and that was what made me think of being him. It's only for a week and I'm doing no harm, and I *am* enjoying myself.

W. G. You must have riled him by saying women are the equals of men, and all that rot!

BELL. It isn't rot!

W. G. It is Tommy-rot!

JASPER. I wish they wouldn't ask so many questions about Africa, though. Good thing I read up the African books before I started on my honeymoon.

W. G. Don't women's brains weigh less than men's?

BELL. Don't sixpences weigh less than pennies?

JASPER. What I miss here is the hair oil.

W. G. How can you be a man's equal when you can't even find the pocket of your dress?

BELL. I can—usually.

JASPER. It's a funny thing, but I'm beginning to feel as if I had saved her life. I like that girl. Fancy her being at the Alhambra, though—even though it was a Spanish one.

W. G. Look here, are you in thingummy with Upjohn?

BELL. Hush, dear.

W. G. Dear! You wouldn't call me that unless you were in what's its name.

JASPER. I like the other one too.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*in low voice and looking at NANNY*) Nanny, (*signs*) has Mr. McPhail spoken to you yet? You know what I mean.

NANNY. I wouldn't let him, but some other body very nearly has. (*whispers*)

W. G. If it isn't Upjohn, it's Neil.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. The Colonel. (*she nods*) Well! (*They whisper*)

BELL. I am not in love with Colonel Neil.

W. G. Is he with you?

BELL. Yes.

W. G. Balbus!

NANNY. Yes, Aunt, the Colonel blew a ring of cigar smoke on to my engagement finger last night.

JASPER. That dizziness has let me in for a lot of good things. I like being dizzy. It is a good, good wheeze being dizzy. I shall keep on being dizzy.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. I am afraid that wouldn't count in law. Besides, I thought he and Bell—

NANNY. Whatever made you think that?

(ANDREW is looking out of back window, back to audience—NANNY goes to him. They go right off L.)

W. G. Then it isn't Nanny the Colonel is fond of?

BELL. Oh dear no!

JASPER. She's a nice little girl that Penny. I must keep my eye on her.

(Exit L.)

W. G. I say, I'll go out in the punt and see if I can spot Ben with the telegram.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Ah, good boy. (*goes into saloon*)

(Exit L. W. G. exits in punt L.)

BELL. (*to herself*) Yes, the Colonel does love me. Conventionality says that a woman should

never know whether a man cares for her until he tells her. Well, perhaps she does not know even then, for Mr. Upjohn said he cared for me, and how much *he* cared he has shown since then. Not a word from him! But Colonel Neil's love for me is real, I know it. He saved my life, he agrees with me in all my views as completely as Mr. Upjohn differed from me. I respect the one highly, while I detest the other. Then how is it that every time I try to think lovingly of Colonel Neil, my mind wanders to Mr. Upjohn? Bell Golightly, you might be some silly ninny in a London ballroom instead of a B. A.

ANDREW. (*runs through saloon to deck*) I see him! I see him! (*runs up ladder to deck*) I see Ben coming with the telegram.

(MRS. GOLIGHTLY and NANNY hurry on deck.)

Do you think I've passed? Do you? Do you?  
(*draws diagrams*)

NANNY. Oh, I hope so! (*calling*) Quick, you two.

BEN. (*not yet in sight*) Coming.

(W. G. and BEN arrive in punt, ANDREW snatches telegram from W. G. and hurries on deck again. BELL, NANNY and W. G. gather round him. BEN remains in punt.)

NANNY. Open it! Here is a hairpin! (*gives him hairpin from her hair; he is nervous and lets it fall*)

ANDREW. I—I—ah—do you think I've passed?

W. G. (*on ladder*) Look and see.

ANDREW. I—Ah—the examiners had a spite at me.

BELL. Mr. McPhail, I was perfectly calm when I took the fourth wranglership.

ANDREW. You see, to pass means giving up all one's old student life. What a loss that would be?

It would mean taking a practice and attending infectious cases, and very likely dying of small-pox.

W. G. Open it, you ass!

ANDREW. So I didn't want to pass. I purposely left several questions unanswered, because I didn't want to pass.

(NANNY snatches telegram from him, rips it open with another hairpin and reads to herself.)

ALL. Well?

(Enter JASPER L.)

ANDREW. (*gazing at NANNY*) I did—didn't want to pass. (*she triumphantly hands him telegram—He looks at it, and slowly his face changes from fear to a transport of delight*) I've passed! I've passed! Great Scott! I've passed! (*falls hysterically into chair and telegram drops on deck. They shake his hand, he jumps up*) I've passed! (*runs to top of ladder*) Colonel Neil, I've passed. (*runs down ladder*) Ben, I've passed! (*rushes through saloon*) Penny, I've passed! (*goes into bedroom, dances wildly Highland fling for a moment, and into cabin, and then pulls down blind*)

(BEN bus.)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. He is off his head. (*sits down and knits*)

BELL. About a common little medical degree. (*sits and reads*)

W. G. I hope this won't spoil his form for the cricket match.

(Exit L.)

NANNY. (*lifting telegram*) Dear, sweet telegram! (*kisses it, and puts it in her bosom*)

(BEN and JASPER have been looking quizzically at each other.)

BEN. You—a colonel?

JASPER. Go away, Ben. (*sits c.*)

BEN. You, Colonel Neil! Read that! (*hands JASPER paper*)

JASPER. What?

BEN. Where my thumb is.

JASPER. Then take your thumb away. (*reading*)  
"I am able to announce on the best of authority that Colonel Neil, the African Explorer, has decided to return to Africa immediately. He starts for Zanzibar next week. The gallant Colonel is at present residing with his relatives in Derbyshire." (*puts paper in his pocket, with an alarmed look round*).  
Well?

BEN. Well?

JASPER. Well?

BEN. Well?

JASPER. It's a mistake, that's all.

BEN. What's a mistake?

JASPER. Saying I am in Derbyshire.

BEN. It don't say that. It says Colonel Neil is in Derbyshire.

JASPER. (*weakly*) How much, Ben?

BEN. Ten bob.

(*JASPER rises, sighs and hands him the money, and exits on to bank. BEN is going off when MRS. GOLIGHTLY comes along deck knitting and speaks to him from top of ladder.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. How cool you look, Ben, in this broiling heat.

BEN. Yes, ma'am, the midges don't bother me.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. And I am a martyr to them. I wonder why that is.

BEN. P'raps you wash your face, ma'am. I don't. Afternoon, ma'am.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Take Penny across with you, Ben, as she has to go to the village. (*down ladder into saloon*)

BEN. Right, ma'am.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Are you ready, Penny?



(Exit L.)

(Enter W. G. L. through saloon.)

PENNY. Yes, ma'am.

(Enters saloon and speaks to JASPER through window.)

I am going shopping, sir, is there anything I can get for you?

JASPER. Ah! (whispers and hands coins to PENNY)

PENNY (goes to punt) Oh! (returns) Scotch or Irish, sir?

JASPER. Scotch.

(Exit L. PENNY in punt L.)

W. G. (on deck) You girls, isn't it time you were dressing for the cricket match?

BELL. I am dressed, *simplex mundities*.

(Exit L.)

W. G. Don't I know girls always have to change their dress before they can do anything?

NANNY Well, what shall I wear? I have nothing fit to be seen in. The blue? the pink? the lace? the check?

W. G. What a lot you have!

NANNY. I haven't. All last year's things—nearly. No, I won't change my dress, but I must do something to celebrate Mr. McPhail's success, and I need your help, W. G.

W. G. Something to do with clothes? (NANNY nods yes. W. G. crosses to her) Look here, if you think I am to let you try your hats on me again, I won't!

NANNY. It isn't that, but in honour of Mr. McPhail's success I have decided to make my waist smaller.

W. G. Why, it's too tight already.

NANNY. Nonsense—see there—W. G., there's a darling, pull the belt tighter, won't you?

W. G. Balbus! here's a pin. (*pulls*) How's that?

NANNY. Tighter!

W. G. (*putting his knee to her*) Iz! iz! iz!

NANNY. Tighter! (*with difficulty*) I'm sure I can stand another two inches.

W. G. Iz! iz! iz! iz! (*lets go*) Now see if you can breathe!

NANNY. (*gasping*) Qu—quite—quite easily.

(W. G. *exits* L.)

JASPER. (*JASPER enters L. smoking pipe. Gloomily*) I'm doing no harm—and yet if they saw that paragraph they would call me an impostor—just because I'm a poor man. I wonder if Sarah went back to London when she couldn't find me here? Sarah! I am in a mess! When I am in a mess my thoughts turn to Sarah. Sarah is the girl for me, and I'll have no more dizziness on board this house-boat. (*pulls himself together*) I won't. (*sits* L. c.)

NANNY. (*comes down ladder*) I feel like a stuffed doll. Papa—mamma—papa—ma—ma— (*sees JASPER and goes out to him on bank*) Smoking again, Colonel?

(JASPER is about to pocket pipe.)

Don't! I like it!

JASPER. You do? Then perhaps—(*holds out cigarette case to her. She signs caution, goes on tip-toe to saloon door, looks at MRS. GOLIGHTLY, shuts door, comes back and takes cigarette which he lights for her, sitting on bank* c.)

NANNY. I am sure I look horrid!

JASPER. Beautiful!

NANNY. Is this the right way?

JASPER. So exactly right that if I did not know better, I should think you had tried it before.

NANNY. Never! (*looks suspiciously at him*)

JASPER. (*looking sentimentally at NANNY*) Miss O'Brien—ah—what a pretty name yours is?

NANNY. Yes? But I'm getting tired of it.

JASPER. (*impulsively*) Nanny!

NANNY. (*calmly*) Yes?

JASPER. Nanny, I—I—like you.

NANNY. I am so glad. Isn't this a lovely rose?

JASPER. Ah, there are two of you.

NANNY. Two what?

JASPER. Two lovely roses. I should like one of them.

NANNY. Which one?

JASPER. Ah—ah—this one. (*pointing to rose*)

NANNY. You can have it. (*gives it to him, putting it in his buttonhole*) How long will you keep it?

JASPER. Till I die! (*aside*) Oh, Sarah, look after me, I'm slipping. (*taking NANNY'S hands*) Nanny, what little hands you've got.

NANNY. Six and a quarter. (*he drops hands*)

JASPER. You have little feet too. (*she pulls them beneath dress*) Don't you ever have to light a candle to look for them? (*sighs*)

NANNY. I believe you feel that dizziness again, Colonel. Lean on me.

JASPER. I feel it coming on again now.

(JASPER leans on NANNY'S shoulder.)

I like being dizzy.

NANNY. Is that better?

JASPER. Much. I could do with a lot of this! (*putting fingers through NANNY'S hair*) Lovely hair you have.

NANNY. Do you think so?

JASPER. (*dreamily*) What do you use? (*confused*) I mean—I was thinking of the way they

oil their hair in Africa. Same way as they do the caravan wheels.

NANNY. Oh, Africa? You must often have felt lonely there.

JASPER. Very lonely. No ladies' society.

NANNY. Dreadful! And a man needs it, doesn't he?

JASPER. He do—he does. I missed it so much that when I see a pretty girl now my first impulse is to put my arm round her.

NANNY. How strange!

JASPER. All the result of my solitude in Africa. (*puts arm round her*) Nanny, dear Nanny—I can't help it—I am turned on!—dearest Nanny, will you be my—(*comes to his senses.*) Sarah, I'm slipping.

NANNY. Your—

JASPER. You little beauty! My wife? (*rises—aside*) Sarah, I have slipped.

NANNY. (*who has retreated from him—aside*) He has said it! I am so glad, for it is nice to be asked. (*loud*) Oh, Colonel Neil, I am so sorry. You cannot say that I gave you any encouragement?

JASPER. No, I'll take my oath you didn't.

NANNY. I never dreamt of this. But you know, I can't. Mr. McPhail would be so hurt—not that he has asked me, yet I must say no.

JASPER. (*aside*) Hurray! Jolly glad of it, got me out of a mess—

NANNY. Let me be a sister to you.

JASPET. (*aside*) Capital! She'd make a scrumptious little sister!

NANNY. I feel so honoured, and of course I won't tell a soul, so you needn't go away.

JASPER. (*aside*) Go away! Why should I go away?

NANNY. Dear Colonel Neil, I am so sorry to pain you. Do tell your sister that you know she is so sorry.

JASPER. (*turning round*) My little sister! (*is*

*about to kiss her when she escapes from him and runs into saloon*) I am going it.

NANNY (*at saloon window*) I might have let him kiss me. It would please him, and it wouldn't hurt me. (*looks out*) Colonel Neil, you may.

JASPER May I? I will—(*they stretch their heads at window, kiss and withdraw heads*) Oh, Sarah, I've slipped. Oh, this is better than the shop. (*his pipe won't draw, he blows down it in vain, then puts stem of rose up to clear it, and flings rose away*) Ah, that's better!

(*Enter MRS. GOLIGHTLY L. bank.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*R. on bank*) Colonel, please tell W. G. that I want him to help me to wind this wool.

W. G. (*looking down*) Can't, Mater, it would tire me for the match. (*sits on deck, whittling with knife*)

JASPER. She'd make a nice sister too. May I? (*holds out arms*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Like playing at scratch cradle— isn't it. So good of you. (*puts wool on his arms, kneeling on plank, and begins winding it into a ball*) Just think, when I was in the village to-day buying wool I met that woman again.

JASPER. What woman?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. The London woman who is looking for a hairdresser. I told you about her coming here nearly a week ago.

JASPER. She hasn't gone back to London?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. No, she is searching for him still, and she thinks she saw him on the ferry two days ago, but she lost sight of him. (*lets ball fall*)

JASPER. (*to himself while picking up ball*) I call this persecution, I do. (*gives ball to MRS. Golightly who resumes winding*) Perhaps she was mistaken?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. No, she recognized him from

a distance by a straw hat he was wearing. It was one she had presented to him.

JASPER. Oh! (*he is wearing a straw hat and touches it guiltily*) Did she call him names?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Yes. (JASPER *frowns*) But she wouldn't let me say a word against him. (JASPER *smiles*)

JASPER. You met her in a shop?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Yes.

JASPER. What was she doing?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Yes, and she seemed on good terms with the shopman. Thank you, Colonel. (*wool is now wound*)

(*Exit MRS. GOLIGHTLY L. into saloon.*)

JASPER. (*aside*) Sarah carrying on! I can't abide a woman that carries on. (*enter boat*) I'll pay her out when I get her alone. And her engaged to me too.

(*Enter punt with PENNY alone*)

PENNY. I didn't know you was here, sir. (*on plank*)

JASPER. (*sighing*) No?

PENNY. You are sighing, sir?

JASPER. Penny, do you know what it is to be deceived?

PENNY. Oh yes, sir.

JASPER. How did you get over it?

PENNY. Tried another, sir.

JASPER. I like you, Penny.

PENNY. Oh, sir.

JASPER. You would make a nice little sister. Come here. (*he kisses her*)

PENNY. Thank you, sir.

JASPER. It is nothing.

(*Exit PENNY L.*)

There is something fascinating about young women, be their station high or low.

W. G. (*at top of ladder*) We start in five minutes remember, Bell. (*crosses R.*)

BELL. (*enters on deck L.—to herself*) I will marry the man I ought to love, Colonel Neil, and not Mr. Upjohn, whom I oughtn't to care a bit about. I will! (*sits R.*)

W. G. What did you say? (*she does not answer and he looks at her*)

JASPER. Sarah knew me by my straw hat! (*takes it off, looks guiltily around him, lays it down on plank, takes cap from his pocket and puts it on, sits on bow*)

BELL. Ah, this is Colonel Neil. (*looks up from book*) *Pejus leto flagitium timet*—A man who would rather die than act meanly—that must be the man for me.

W. G. (*coming down ladder*) I say, Colonel, Bell is a bit queer, isn't she?

JASPER. How?

W. G. I suppose she is brooding about Upjohn. You know they are in a thingummy, and he wanted her to be his what-you-call-it, but they had a tiff, and he went back to London.

JASPER. She loves this Upjohn?

W. G. No end.

JASPER. Are you sure?

W. G. Rather. (*goes through saloon L. while JASPER stands reflecting*)

JASPER. Then I'll ask her to be my sister—she's upon deck—the more the merrier.

BELL. *Iustum et tenasem propositi verum*—A loyal man and true, Colonel Neil again. Yes, I will love him.

JASPER. (*goes on deck*) Always with a book in your hand, Miss Golightly.

BELL. It is Horace.

JASPER. A cousin of a friend of mine—one of my favourites.

BELL. I like him too, but don't you think he is a little—

JASPER. Well, perhaps just a little.

BELL. This might be addressed to you. (*reading —turns c.*) *Quid terras aliis calentis sale mutamur?*

JASPER. (*aside*) This is very awkward. (*aloud*) Miss Golightly—Bell—may I call you Bell? (*sits c.*)

BELL. (*starting*) Do!

JASPER. I'll bounce a bit. (*Aloud*) Bell, until I met you I never knew what a woman could be.

BELL. (*aside*) How much nobler than Mr. Upjohn? (*to him*) What does one mean by an ideal woman? He means—Man's helpmate; not his plaything, his equal in mind—no domestic drudge, no pretty-faced ninny, man's partner—not his mere housekeeper to be petted by him or bullied by him, a free human being to be argued with, not coerced, a sharer in the responsibilities of government, a thinker, a doer, his equal, in short.

JASPER. (*breathlessly*) In short.

BELL. Colonel Neil, I agree with every word you have said.

JASPER. I haven't said many.

BELL. (*aside*) Oh, I *must* love this man, I *must* despise the other.

(*W. G. comes to them.*)

W. G. Hi, everybody—time to start. (*gets punt ready, puts cushions in punt*)

JASPER. (*looking down*) A moment, W. G. Run and play. (*turning to BELL*) Bell, I love you. (*bus.*)

BELL. No, no, don't say that.

JASPER. (*aside*) It's all right, she prefers the other chap. (*aloud*) Bell, will you marry me? (*rises*)

BELL. (*swaying and then controlling herself*) Colonel Neil, yes, I will. (*rises—gives him her*



*hands impulsively, then runs down ladder steps*) Oh, what have I done? (*turns back*) Don't mention it to anyone—yet. (*goes into saloon, where she meets MRS. GOLIGHTLY coming from L.*)

JASPER. (*C. horrified and amazed—in chair*) She will! Miss Golightly, come back. It is all a mistake. I was only asking you to be my sister. Whew! I must put a stop to this.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Bell, Penny is anxious to see the cricket match. Do you think it safe to leave the houseboat without anyone in it?

BELL. (*Evidently thinking of other matters*) Quite safe.

JASPER. Sarah, I'll swear I never meant marriage to her.

W. G. Come on! Colonel, slide down the rope.

JASPER. Not if I know it—I'm not a slider.

(MRS. GOLIGHTLY and PENNY take their places in the punt.)

BELL. (*at saloon window*) Kit, what have I done? (*comes to stern*) You horrid book! (*enters punt. NANNY follows with banjo*)

(*Banjo plays, ANDREW pulls up blind. JASPER descends ladder, and BELL signs silence to him by putting finger on her lip. She enters punt. NANNY comes from L. presses JASPER'S hand significantly, and enters punt. JASPER enters punt, and W. G. is about to punt off.*)

NANNY. Stop! Where is Mr. McPhail?

W. G. Hi, McPhail!

(ANDREW comes from L. He is now dressed in frock coat, silk hat, etc., with stethoscope sticking conspicuously out of his pocket. He walks with professional air.)

Oh, Balbus! look at him!

ANDREW. I see nothing to laugh at!

NANNY. Nor I.

ANDREW. But I am not coming with you. It wouldn't be professional to play cricket, and a physician must attend to medical etiquette.

NANNY. Do come!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Do!

ANDREW. No.

JASPER. Come, though you don't play. There may be accidents, and a leg to set, or some stumps to draw.

ANDREW. Ha! (*enters punt*)

JASPER. Stop! (*gets out of punt—takes hat and puts in drawer in cabin, returns to punt and exit*)

(W. G. punts off, NANNY playing banjo. Punt disappears to —)

O'er the swiftly flowing tide,  
 Gaily we row the boat along,  
 We wake the echoes far and wide  
 With laughter and with song.  
 Yeo ho, yeo ho,  
 We gaily row,  
 Gaily we row the boat along  
 We wake the echoes far and wide,  
 With laughter and with song.

(*After a pause enter SARAH L. along bank, she is looking about her suspiciously.*)

SARAH. (*sits on bank*) Oh, Jasper Phipps, if I could only find you, wouldn't I comb your hair for you.

(CUCKOO.)

JASPER. Damn that cuckoo!

SARAH. (*starts to her feet*) Jasper's voice—he's on board this boat. (*has almost gone off R.*) He is found! Found, found! (*assumes fighting position and cries,*) Jasper Phipps, hi!

*(Getting no answer, she looks about her. Then rushes into saloon, then into JASPER'S bedroom, where she sees his clothes, cries,)*

His wedding clothes!

*(Folds them up, runs L. with them, reappears, runs through saloon with them, cries,)*

He is gone! *(runs on deck, cries)* But he must come back. *(puts clothes on lap, on deck, cries,)*  
I'll wait! *(sits down on chair determinedly, with arms folded)*

QUICK CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

CURTAIN rises on evening, moonlight. Houseboat precisely as when curtain fell on Act II. except that SARAH is now asleep in her chair on deck. From a distance is heard a piano with whistling accompaniment. Light splashes; as if of water rats, rustling in branches and "wheep wheep" of birds settling to sleep. Next the sound of oars and a cockney voice, "Look where you're shoving your blooming canoe." A shadowy boat with one light goes by, a bat flaps about, and disappears. A distant clock strikes nine. Next a punt passes, containing a male and female figure. Man exclaims "My darling, let us glide on like this forever and ever!" Woman answers, "But what would mama say?" Then someone is heard singing a verse of a song in distance. The singing fades away into distance, then the sound of punting.

(KIT and BEN enter R. on bank.)

BEN. Here we are, Mr. Upjohn, but you see they ain't back yet! Hie! no, there's not a soul aboard!

KIT. (*boarding*) I'll wait for them, Ben! They must be back for supper presently!

BEN. I dunno, Mr. Upjohn. Penny the servant gal says as them are late for everything since the Colonel came. You have heard on him, sir?

KIT. I heard of him at the Inn!

BEN. He saved the young lady's life—he did!

KIT. So I was told! (*sits on plank*) but why should that make them late for everything?

BEN. Penny says it's because he do have such a way with him!

*(Lights lamp in bow.)*

KIT. The dickens he has!

BEN. It has even softened Penny and I dunno as I ever knew a gal less easy to soften. You never seed him, sir?

KIT. Never, but I know him by reputation!

BEN. He wouldn't let them put it in the papers about his saving the young lady's life!

KIT. Too modest, I suppose!

BEN. Modest! Yes, he is very modest is the Colonel! Gets quite riled, sir, when I praised him for his gallant action. *(on to plank—curiously)* Come here, sir, for another holiday?

KIT. That depends!

BEN. Going to stay long, sir?

KIT. You are inquisitive, Ben!

BEN. Yes, sir. Heard from any of the young ladies sir, how they have been getting on here since you left?

KIT. *(sharply)* No!

BEN. Thought not, sir, they have been that busy with the Colonel!

KIT. Eh?

BEN. He do have dizzy fits, sir, and needs to lean on the ladies.

KIT. He has?

*(Rises.)*

Phew!

BEN. Yes, sir, that's what I think too!

KIT. What?

BEN. What you expressed just now in that whistle, sir.

*(KIT goes agitatedly to door of saloon and BEN speaks to himself.)*

He's a deep one is that there Colonel—Colonel!—

but I'm not the kind to split on them as pays up.  
(*aloud*) Good night, Mr. Upjohn!

(*Exits along bank L.*)

KIT. (*in bow*) Good night. Confound Ben! he makes me quite uncomfortable. Though this Neil has saved her life, he can't have carried her by storm in a week—impossible! Wonder if she told them the real reason why I went away? I fancy not! Hallo! I am smoking and Bell dislikes it! Never again!

(*Flings cigar into water and sighs.*)

After all, it is an objectionable habit!

(*Produces cigar case, and flings away another cigar—sighs.*)

Making a chimney of one's nose!

(*Lights a cigar*)

(*SARAH wakes up, shivers, and wraps trousers round her neck and sleeps.*)

It will be no deprivation to me—none at all.

(*Takes cigar out of his mouth and looks at it.*)

How did this come about? (*flings it away and sighs*) Bell will be pleased. (*takes another cigar from case*) This is the last. (*makes as if to fling it away*) It—it seems to stick to my fingers! (*sound of singing in distance—rises and goes to bow*) I hear their voices! They are coming back! Bell is coming!

(*Looks from cigar to place whence singing comes.*)

Bell—cigar—cigar—Bell.

(*Falters, then flings cigar into river, tries to catch it, misses, groans.*)

It is nothing to give up smoking for the girl one loves!

*(The singing ceases and punt draws up, all ablaze with colored lights and the hood is on.)*

W. G. Hallo!

NANNY. You've come back?

BELL. *(faintly)* Mr. Upjohn!

*(Exclamations of surprise from all.)*

KIT. A surprise visit, Mrs. Golightly. I found I could take two days, and here I am!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. So glad to see you again!

*(W. G. gets out and goes at once to bank and begins to light up lanterns. KIT helps NANNY out who goes into saloon. MRS. GOLIGHTLY remains outside. NANNY lights up inside. BELL gets out and talks to KIT in well. She then goes in saloon. JASPER and ANDREW still in punt tying up. Introduction of KIT. ANDREW goes on bank.)*

KIT. *(drawing BELL aside)* Bell dear!

BELL. Oh, why did you come?

KIT. Didn't you want me?

BELL. Yes—no—why did you go away?

KIT. You can't mean—

BELL. Not before them all! *(goes into saloon)*

*(Exit L.)*

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. *(who has been speaking to JASPER while NANNY is with ANDREW)* Mr. Upjohn, let me introduce you to Colonel Neil, who saved Bell's life! *(goes into saloon)*

*(Sits R. in saloon.)*

JASPER. It was nothing!

*(JASPER and KIT shake hands.)*

KIT. It was a great deal. I seem to know your face, Colonel Neil, and yet I cannot remember—

ANDREW. Upjohn, look here!

(KIT goes to ANDREW.)

JASPER. I have shaved him often!

(Exit to bedroom.)

NANNY. Aunt, I am dying to speak with you! (MRS. GOLIGHTLY in saloon, eagerly) Did you see how white she turned?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Bell? I suppose she was surprised to see him!

NANNY. Aunt, don't you understand? They quarrelled, and he has come back to make it up!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Bell is so secretive!

NANNY. You saw how she ran away from him?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Girls don't run from the man they love! (rise)

NANNY. Oh, don't they? Sure, can't he run after them?

(Exit MRS. GOLIGHTLY and NANNY.)

KIT. So that you are now a full-fledged medical man. I congratulate you, old fellow!

ANDREW. Oh, I was always sure I should pass, hadn't the least anxiety about it. Have a cigar?

(Hands him case.)

KIT. Thanks.

(Is about to take it, then draws back.)

No, I mean. I have given up smoking. It doesn't agree with me.

ANDREW. Ha! Heart? Liver? Pains here?

(Taps KIT's chest.)

I'll go over him to-morrow with the stethoscope.

(Exits L.)

JASPER. (with lighted candle in bedroom) I have not only shaved him—I have cut him!



KIT. (*at bow*) What can she mean? It cannot be that I am too late!

BELL. (*at saloon sits L.*) Oh, how is it that love and respect seem to be such different things!

JASPER. This houseboat is getting too hot for me. I'll pack and be ready to bolt. I would have bolted this afternoon but those two girls never took their eyes off me!

BELL. Oh, that the Colonel had been content with sisterly regard!

JASPER. She took me up wrong! I only proposed to be her brother! (*proceeds to pack*)

BELL. But he loves me so!

JASPER. But she was that keen about it!

BELL. Kit—Kit!

(*Goes up back.*)

JASPER. I wish I was back with Sarah! I wonder where Sarah is now!

(*SARAH moves.*)

W. G. I say, Upjohn, what a pity you didn't come back in time for the match! The men played with broomsticks you know, but I was in tremendous form. I lifted Nanny twice clear over the pavilion!

KIT. Did you? W. G., tell your sister quietly that I want to speak with her—quietly remember!

W. G. All right—Bell! Bell! Upjohn wants you!

BELL. Oh, what can I say to him?

JASPER. (*who has been packing*) Funny thing I can't see my best clothes anywhere! (*looks for them*)

(*Exit L.*)

(*BELL leaves saloon and goes to bow, W. G., lying on plank, sits down and whistles. BELL and KIT look at him.*)

BELL. W. G., dear, go up and light the deck lanterns.

W. G. There's no hurry!

KIT. (*pause*) I have something to say to your sister, W. G.

W. G. All right—Fire away!

(NANNY. *enters saloon—pause, sits U. R.*)

BELL. But alone, W. G.

W. G. Don't mind me!

(*They look at him helplessly.*)

ANDREW. (*entering saloon*) Miss O'Brien, do you know what I have been thinking? I have been thinking that I should like to have you for my first patient.

NANNY. But I am quite well!

ANDREW. Hem! I am not so sure of that! Have we had any headaches lately? (*she nods*) Ha! has our appetite been—(*she shakes head*) Quite so. Let me see your tongue. (*she sits down and he feels her pulse, gets paper and writes a prescription all in quiet by-play*)

KIT. W. G., just before you came back, I saw a big fish jump over there—beneath the willow!

W. G. Balbus!

(*Seizes fishing rod and exits L. along bank.*)

KIT. Bell—(*she points to saloon*)

ANDREW. (*handing prescription*) Three times a day, Miss O'Brien, on a piece of sugar and we shall soon be all right!

NANNY. (*curtseys*) Thank you, doctor!

(KIT *signs to NANNY, she goes to him, he whispers to her, she takes ANDREW by the coat and exits L.*)

BELL. Oh, Mr. Upjohn, why have you come back? (*on bow*)

KIT. Are you not pleased to see me, Bell? (*sits on ladder*)

BELL. Why did you not come sooner?

KIT. I seem to have come too soon!

BELL. Why did you ever go away?

KIT. You bade me.

BELL. No—no!

KIT. But, Bell, here I am at any rate, come back and humbled, dear, to ask you to be my wife!

BELL. Kit—you are too late!

KIT. What—Neil has—?

BELL. Yes, and I accepted him!

KIT. Bell!

BELL. Pity me, Kit!

KIT. Why should I pity you?

BELL. Oh, Kit, he saved my life! and he—he has precisely my views on every question of the day. I felt that he and I must have been made for each other. I felt that love if it is a worthy thing, must be a matter not of mere sensation, but of judgment, and I drew up a paper to see, by the light of reason, whether I loved him or you. He got 90 per cent. for politeness, and you only got 50. For sweetness of disposition he had 80 to your 40. He got 85 for hard work, and you 30, and for largeness of view on the question of the sexes he had 100 to your 10. His total was 335 and yours 130. So I felt that I must prefer him and oh, I wish that I had never learned logic! (*she cowers, sits and he looks reproachfully at her*)

JASPER. (*looks out window*) I'm wasting time looking for those clothes, and after all, why should I cut the honeymoon short? I suppose now that Upjohn is her brother. I wonder if he would change places with me. But no—she wouldn't let him!

KIT. D—n logic!

BELL. Yes, yes!

KIT. Then you do love me, Bell?

BELL. Yes, but—

KIT. It is not too late.

BELL. Is it not, Kit? None of the others know.

KIT. I will appeal to him to set you free!

JASPER. I'll go to her and tell her flat that she took me up wrong!

KIT. He is too much a man to insist on keeping you to your promise!

BELL. He is noble! But it will crush him, Kit!

JASPER. I could break it to her gently, and I will too!

KIT. Go on deck, dear, until I have spoken to him. None of the others are there, are they?

BELL. No, there is no one on deck.

KIT. Then wait for me there, *(she is about to do so)* or get into the punt and push off a little!

BELL. Yes. *(gets into punt)*

KIT. And Bell, prove that your mind is made up at last by repeating the words I used.

BELL. What words?

KIT. Damn logic!

BELL. Oh!

KIT. Logic has been the curse of our love. Bell, say it and be free!

BELL. I can't say it!

KIT. Yes, say it!

*(She hesitates then whispers in his ear.)*

Good!

*•(She pushes off in punt and he watches her.)*

And now for the poor Colonel!

JASPER. I'll tell her I was dizzy at the time!

*(Leaves bedroom and comes to bow.)*

*(KIT leaves bow to come to JASPER. They meet in saloon.)*

I want to speak with Miss Golightly.

KIT. With me first, Colonel Neil, please.

JASPER. I wanted Miss Golightly! *(sits c.)*

KIT. And I want her also!

JASPER. *(turning back)* Eh?

KIT. Colonel Neil, I have something to say that will give you great pain.

JASPER. (*aside*) Has he remembered where he saw me before?

KIT. You are a brave man!

JASPER. No, he hasn't!

KIT. And you saved Miss Golightly's life!

JASPER. It was nothing.

KIT. Nothing, I believe, to what I have now to ask of you. Miss Golightly has told me of your engagement to her.

JASPER. Mr. Upjohn, I never thought she would accept me—if—

KIT. You are too modest. But you know, sir, young girls often mistake their feelings, especially when they have cause for gratitude and (*turning into bow*) and, in short, Miss Golightly has made such a mistake!

JASPER. What? (*rises, and follows into bow*)

KIT. She has commissioned me to ask you to surrender your claims to her hand. (*sits on bow*)

JASPER. She wants to give me up?

KIT. Yes.

JASPER. Say it again.

KIT. She does not love you.

JASPER. She told you to say this?

KIT. Yes.

JASPER. She loves you.

KIT. She does. Do you liberate her?

JASPER. Certainly!

KIT. (*grasping his hand, rises*) You are a noble fellow.

JASPER. It is nothing.

KIT. A hero!

JASPER. Her happiness is all I think of.

KIT. No other person in the boat, I understand, knows of your engagement to her, and you may be sure no one will ever hear of it from me.

JASPER. Be good to her, Upjohn.

(*Enter saloon.*)

KIT. (*aside*) Poor fellow! (*signs to BELL to come back*)

JASPER. (*re-entering saloon*) Hurray! That's all right!

(*Exit L.*)

BELL. (*draws up in punt and boards*) What did he say?

KIT. Behaved magnificently. Bell, you are mine—forgive me for saying “mine,” for it implies ownership. I have thought our quarrel over, and I see that you were right and I was wrong.

BELL. I am so glad to hear you say that—because it was I who was wrong. (*bus.*)

KIT. My darling, I beg your pardon!

BELL. Why?

KIT. Because you don't like the word!

BELL. I think I could get used to it!

KIT. As for politics—

BELL. Let us treat them as if—as if they were logic!

(*Bus.*)

KIT. And I promise never to call you pretty.

BELL. Not before the servants.

KIT. Nor to indulge in this sort of folly! (*kisses her*)

BELL. Except now and again.

KIT. Our love shall be an intellectual exercise.

BELL. Rational and adult! (*cross R.*)

KIT. Why should men cease to be reasonable beings when they are engaged?

BELL. Or women behave as infants?

KIT. Let it be our part to prove that this is mere convention.

BELL. As it assuredly is.

KIT. (*taking her head in his hands and speaking with great solemnity*) Does 'oo love me, 'ittle pet?

BELL. (*with great solemnity*) 'Es, me loves 'oo. Does 'oo love me? (*nestles closer to him*)

JASPER. (*enters saloon*) I feel as if I could dance.

(KIT *on plank.*)

(*aside*) I'd better go on deck!

(*They turn round.*)

BELL. (*starting up*) Colonel Neil, dear Colonel Neil, oh, I cannot look you in the face!

JASPER. Ah! (*pulling a long face.*)

BELL. You will not leave the houseboat?

JASPER. Perhaps it would be better.

BELL. Stay, dear Colonel Neil, and let me be a sister to you.

(JASPER *sighs and ascends ladder.* BELL and KIT *then go on board and sit foot of ladder.*)

JASPER. (*at top of ladder is swaggering along deck when he sees SARAH—He recoils and gasps*) S—S—Sarah! (*retreats from her, then goes back on tip-toe*) She's asleep! She must have come here when we were away. Sarah, I'll bolt!

(*Hastens to top of ladder and comes to stand still at sight of KIT and BELL.*)

They would see me! They may come on deck at any moment! I can't get away—and I can't stay here! I must waken her—but I dare not! She would tell them everything! I must—I mustn't! (*goes in anguish between SARAH and ladder—groans*) Oh lor' what am I to do!

BELL. Kit, how selfish we are, not giving a thought to Colonel Neil, listen to him on deck in agony—agony I am responsible for!

KIT. Poor beggar—he is very hard hit!

BELL. Kit, the least I can do is to be nice to him. I will go up! (*begins to ascend ladder*) Colonel!

JASPER. She's coming up. (*gets to top of ladder to prevent her*)

BELL. (*stopping on ladder*) Dear Colonel Neil, it rends my heart to see you so miserable—for I know the cause!

JASPER. What—you *know*?

BELL. I am the cause!

JASPER. Oh! You!—yes!

BELL. Let me come up and talk to you, dear Colonel Neil.

JASPER. No—no!

BELL. You must be wretched up there, all alone!

JASPER. Alone—ah—yes!

BELL. You look so lonely!

JASPER. I'm not so—so lonely as I look. I wish I was lonelier, I mean I want to be left to myself. Go back, Miss Golightly, to Mr. Upjohn, don't think about me. I—mean I want to be left alone with my misery.

(*She sighs and goes back to KIT.*)

(*looks at SARAH*) My misery! That's you, Sarah! Why, she's got my trousers on and my coat and vest neatly folded—careful Sarah! (*stands looking at her*)

(*ANDREW and NANNY in saloon.*)

ANDREW. (*who has been feeling his pockets excitedly*) I have lost the telegram! Left it on deck!

(*Hurries to bow, and is about to ascend ladder.*)

BELL. Don't go on deck, Mr. McPhail, Colonel Neil is there and he—he isn't well.

ANDREW. Not well? Caught a chill? I'll give him something for it. (*steps on to ladder*)

JASPER. (*hearing him and running to top of ladder*) You can't come up here. (*fiercely*)

ANDREW. I want my telegram!

JASPER. (*fiercely*) Go away!



BELL. Mr. McPhail, Nanny has your telegram. I saw her pick it up!

(NANNY enters from saloon L.)

NANNY. Who is that speaking of me?

ANDREW. (*re-entering saloon and shutting door*)  
You have my telegram, Miss O'Brien!

NANNY. See!

(*Produces it from her bosom.*)

ANDREW. You kept my telegram there! You darling! (*embraces her*)

NANNY. Are we engaged?

ANDREW. Great Scott! I believe we are! When will it be—next month?

NANNY. (*sits L. C.*) Without a trousseau! It would be a tempting of Providence.

ANDREW. But to have a wife would help me in my practice. Marry in an old frock, Nanny, and get the trousseau afterwards!

NANNY. Marry in an old frock. It wouldn't be legal.

JASPER. (*groans*) Oh lor'!

NANNY. But what a shame of us to be so happy, when the Colonel is so wretched. Listen to him on deck!

ANDREW. That reminds me, Miss Golightly says he isn't well.

NANNY. Not well. That is all she knows, Andrew, as you are my affianced husband I may tell you all, but you must never breathe a word of it to the others. (*whispers in his ear*)

ANDREW. No? (*she whispers again*) Poor chap! (*whispers*) And you preferred me to him? I suppose he is groaning up there because you wouldn't have him?

NANNY. Yes, and I am so sorry for him!

JASPER. Women never could resist me—never!

KIT. I hear him muttering to himself!

BELL. A man would not do that who was not suffering deeply.

*(Clock strikes 10.)*

JASPER. Sleep on, Sarah, sleep on! It is only a clock, sleep on!

NANNY. This year, next year, now, never, etc. Fancy! I have been engaged for five minutes, and I haven't told Auntie yet. I must!

ANDREW. And I'll tell the others!

*(Exit NANNY L.)*

Miss Golightly, I have something to tell you that will surprise you very much!

BELL. Let me guess! You and Nanny are engaged?

JASPER. *(looking down)* A selfish lot that think of nobody but themselves!

ANDREW. Yes, but how could you guess it?

BELL. I am so glad!

KIT. And I too, old man, and just think—Bell and I—

ANDREW. Engaged too? I expected it!

*(Turns back into saloon and exits L.)*

JASPER. *(desperately)* Miss Golightly, it is getting chilly. I think it's going to snow—should you not go inside?

BELL. How thoughtful of you, dear Colonel. *(rising)* You will come too?

JASPER. Not yet.

*(BELL enters saloon, pulls down front blinds.)*

JASPER. Mr. Upjohn, why don't you follow her?

KIT. *(reluctantly)* I'll come up and have a chat with you!

JASPER. No—no! I mean, you would prefer to be with her.

KIT. Well, Miss O'Brien is getting up a dance,

I believe I am needed. You are sure you don't mind?

JASPER. Not at all!

KIT. You are a good fellow!

*(Enters saloon and pulls down blind.)*

JASPER. At last! *(comes half down ladder and peers)* Now then for Sarah! *(returns softly to her and wheels chair till it is beneath rope)* The chances are she will fall into the water, but it is your own fault, Sarah, for coming here and putting me in a false position.

*(Music. Dance.)*

*(Ties rope about chair.)*

*(Minuet danced in saloon by KIT and BELL, ANDREW and NANNY, during scene on deck.)*

*(When SARAH is in mid air, cuckoo 3 times—She wakens.)*

SARAH. What is this—where am I?

JASPER. That damned cuckoo has awakened her!

SARAH. You—Jasper!

JASPER. S—Sarah!

SARAH. Oh!

JASPER. Don't scream, Sarah, or I'll drop you into the river!

SARAH. You are murdering me!

JASPER. Sarah, I saved a swell girl's life—

SARAH. You, Jasper!

JASPER. The way that girl and another one have run after me. Called themselves my sisters.

SARAH. The hussies!

JASPER. They are, they are. Why one of them wanted me to marry her.

SARAH. Jasper you had no right to when you were engaged to me—Jasper!

JASPER. But I refused. And why? Because

there's only one girl for me and her name is Sarah.

SARAH. Oh, Jasper!

JASPER. Yes, I trusted you, Sarah, but you don't trust me, you followed me, and Sarah, you have been carrying on with a shopman in the village.

SARAH. No, I swear—nothing to speak of, Jasper.

JASPER. You admit it!

SARAH. Jasper, forgive me!

JASPER. Yes, I do forgive you. Now we'll slip away to London and get married. We'll have a delicious honeymoon.

*(He lets her down and then descends ladder.)*

SARAH. You are sure you forgive me, Jasper?

JASPER. My own Sarah, I do! *(kisses her. W. G. is heard shouting)* It is W. G., crawl in here, Sarah.

*(She gets beneath awning.)*

I can't untie the ropes.

W. G. Hi! Hi! Hi! *(comes along bank L. to NANNY and KIT. at windows)* I had him out of the water—a threepounder and then the line broke. *(sits C.)*

*(KIT and BELL come to saloon window. W. G. notices KIT's arm is round BELL.)*

W. G. Balbus! Why are you doing that, Upjohn?

BELL. Can't you understand, W. G.?

KIT. We are engaged, W. G.—congratulate me!

W. G. *(disgusted)* Engaged. Oh, hang it, you'll be no more use for anything!

NANNY. And I am engaged to Mr. McPhail dear, see!

*(Bus. kiss.)*

W. G. You too! What a confounded shame! *(flings down rod in a passion)* Look here all of you.

I had better tell you this at once, if you should have any babies—

(*They pull down their blinds—W. G. is standing on bank. JASPER cautiously peers round corner at W. G.*)

or—or that sort of thing, you needn't expect me to hold the little beggars!

(*JASPER gets into punt, pushes chair beneath awning of it, pulls down awning so that SARAH is hidden from view and is about to push off when W. G. crosses plank to stern.*)

W. G. Hullo, Colonel.

JASPER. (*meekly*) Is that you, W. G.?

W. G. If you are going out on the river, I'll come with you!

JASPER. No, W. G., I—I—am going away!

W. G. Why? Because you were bowled for a duck's egg? Look here I know why it is. It is because you are disgusted with those asses for going and getting engaged. Well, so am I!

JASPER. Good bye, W. G.

W. G. I say, you are not going to leave me all alone with four engaged people!

JASPER. I must!

W. G. Do they know?

JASPER. No.

W. G. I'll go and tell them! I say the Colonel says he is going away!

ALL. (*blinds up*) Going away!

JASPER. Yes, I—I—I—

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. But why, Colonel Neil?

BELL. (*going closer to him*) I understand!

JASPER. You understand—I wish I did!

NANNY. (*to ANDREW*) Do you not see, he cannot remain here, where I am engaged to another!

W. G. It is because they are engaged!

BELL. Hush.

W. G. But he told me it was!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*looking from one to another, and seeing that all seem to understand*) Am I to understand Colonel Neil that you love—

JASPER. Yes, that is it. I love her and it is too painful to me to stay on in the circumstances.

(*BELL and NANNY are much affected.*)

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. I see—I see!

JASPER. I shall never forget your kindness!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. I am so grieved, but perhaps you act wisely in leaving us. If it must be so, Colonel Neil, good-bye!

(*Shakes his hand.*)

JASPER. (*aside*) I'll get off with a swagger yet!  
(*with emotion*) Good-bye!

(*NANNY and BELL break down, BELL goes into saloon.*)

ANDREW (*on bow*) Neil, (*in low voice*) Nanny has told me all. Do you return to Africa?

JASPER. To-morrow, among elephants and caterpillars!

(*Shakes hands.*)

ANDREW. I want to see you in London, what Club do you belong to?

JASPER. I belong to the Toilet Club.

(*ANDREW goes on deck, W. G. follows.*)

KIT. Colonel, Bell and I look upon you as a brother. Good-bye.

W. G. I'll punt you down.

JASPER. No—no! I mean, I had better go alone. Ben will bring back the punt. Now to escape;

NANNY. (*on bank R.*) Colonel!

(BELL on bank L. C., they both beckon to him he hesitates.)

JASPER. (*aside*) Shall I go and kiss them! No! Sarah's behind! I belong to Sarah! (*waves them good-bye*) I have enjoyed myself—and now for Sarah and the shop!

(PENNY stands at cabin window. He is now out of sight, distant music plays "*Home, sweet Home.*"

KIT, W. G. and ANDREW continue waving, MRS. GOLIGHTLY, NANNY and BELL turn and face audience, MRS. GOLIGHTLY in centre.)

W. G. Hi! Colonel, you've left your hat behind!

JASPER. (*off*) Oh, it's nothing!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. (*at C. window*) And now dears, I am dying to know which of you it is!

(*Both press her hands and sigh.*)

Which?

W. G. (*C. on deck*) We don't even know where to write to him!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. He gave me his telegraphic address yesterday. Oh, I have lost it! (*runs to back of saloon*) Colonel, what did you say is your address?

JASPER. What's my what?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY. Your address?

JASPER. (*off L.*) Walker, London.

ALL. Walker, London.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

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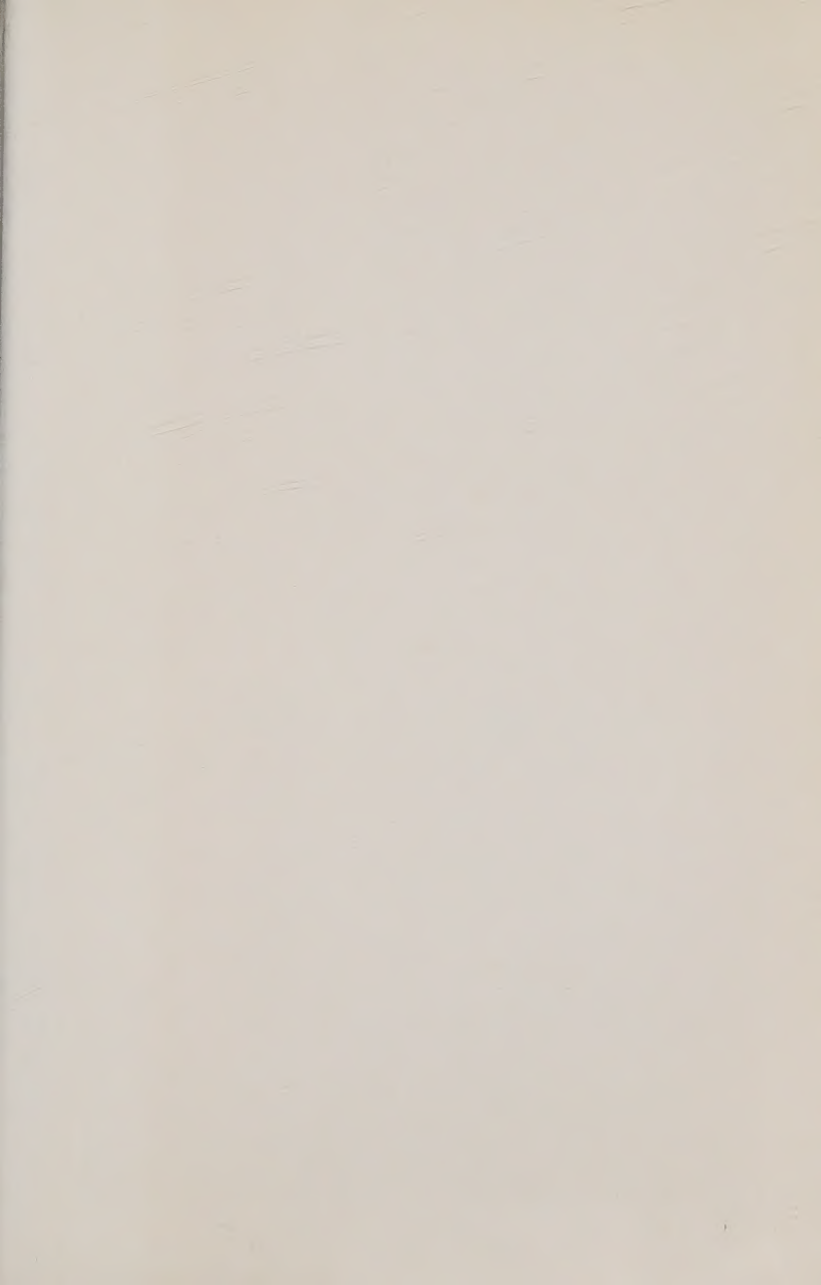
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